The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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SATIN-WOOD BRIDGE, IN CEYLON.*

This bridge has recently been thrown over the Mahavillaganga river, at Peradenia, in Ceylon, the richest and most extensive of all the islands appertaining to British India. It was designed and set up under the superintendence of Lieut.-Colonel Fraser, deputy quartermaster-general of the forces in Ceylon, and, independently of its interest as a novelty in bridge-building, it must be regarded as a gratifying specimen of British skill in the improvement of our colonial possessions.

The bridge consists of a single arch, (principally of satin-wood,) of 225 feet span, or half as wide again as the centre arch of London Bridge. The roadway is twenty feet wide, and its height above the river at low-water mark about sixty-seven feet. The arch is composed of four treble ribs transversely distant from each other five feet from centre to centre. The sum of the depths of these ribs is four feet, which, with two intervals of two feet each, make the whole depth of the arch eight feet.

The beams of which the arch is built are, with the exception of those next to the abutments, from sixteen to seventeen feet in length, and twelve inches thick. They abut against each other with an unbroken section, and are secured at the joints by the notched pieces which support the road-way: the latter being held in their position by means of cross-ties both below and above the arch and immediately under the road-way. These cross-ties, with the aid of diagonal braces, which are also locked into them, serve to give stability and firmness to the whole structure.

According to the original design, no material but timber has been admitted into the construction of the arch. The arch was commenced in the middle of July, 1832. The centering was struck on the first of October, and the road-way was completed before the first of January, 1833.

Wooden bridges, generally, are condemned as being composed of a very perishable material, but on the principle on which this is constructed, the different parts of the arch may be replaced as they decay. The American wedge bridge is said to be exceedingly flexible: but this has been completely obviated in the bridge at Peradenia.

* From the Frontispiece to the Arcana of Science and Art. Seventh year. (Just published.)

LIVERY COMPANIES OF LONDON.

Mr. William Herbert, the City Librarian, has lately published the first volume of his *History of the Twelve Great Livery Companies of London*. Anything relating to these ancient trading corporations is certainly peculiarly useful at the present time. To the antiquary, or to the lover of research into the manners and customs of our fellow-citizens, who now sleep beneath our feet, buried in the dust of centuries, the fruits of the labours of the City Librarian would at all seasons be welcome; but now, while the "Commission for Inquiring into Municipal Corporations" is sitting, for the purpose of investigating alleged abuses, a work yielding additional evidence, throwing a light on the more hidden parts of the machinery of metropolitan government, and unmystifying the mysteries of the chartered crafts, must be of universal request and value.

We will not stop to discuss the point, whether the interposition of Government with the products of the labours of its subjects be beneficial or not, to the community at large; nor will we argue its right to countenance and protect certain individuals in the rewards of industry, which ought to be free to all of equal merit or talent; but we shall rather proceed to make a few extracts from the historical essay which prefaces the minute and full account of the various Companies, their constitution, government, dress, observances, charities, trust-estates, &c.

Charters.—The charters of Edward III. are the earliest ones enrolled, though instances exist of much older grants: as in the case of the weavers. Edward's first charters were granted to the goldsmiths, linen-armourers, and skinners, whose former guild licenses he confirmed by letters patent, with new privileges in the first year of his reign. In his 27th, 28th, and 37th year, he similarly confirmed the grocers', fishmongers', drapers', salters', and vintners' charters.

The charters furnish abundant information on many points—as the sort of authority on which the guilds existed before such grants were made; then their number and denomination of officers; the mode in which they regulated and governed themselves; and, above all, they afford hints, which are not otherwise to be obtained, of the nature of the domestic trade and commerce of the metropolis at the time. They grant nearly the same species of privileges to all the companies, whose object—though from the first evidently monopoly—is represented in their petitions for such charters to be "for the greater good and profit of the people." They pray in them for the exclusion of strangers from the city, on account of what they term "their irregularities and defects," which are stated to be productive of great inconvenience, and "to the disgrace of the honest men of the said crafts and mysteries."

The societies chartered are mostly stated to be of great antiquity, or to have existed "from time whereof there is no memory." The privileges granted are, as to general meetings, "that they may have and hold their guild once a year;" and may, in the same, "settle and govern their mysteries." As to election of officers, to choose "honest, lawful, and sufficient men." As to acquiring property, the charters grant permission to the fraternities to purchase tenements and rents of small annual value, for relieving the poor and infirm, and for maintaining a chaplain and a chantry. They also confirm the ancient right of search through their respective trades in order that each of them may detect dishonest practices in his own craft, and punish offenders, subject to the cognizance, or, as it is termed, "view of the mayor." The regulation of apprenticeships forms a second grand article in the ordinances of the companies. No man was to be admitted into the livery of the Grocers "who had not served the term of his apprenticeship; and then it was to be by advice of the wardens and fellowship, who were to ascertain that he was of good name, a freeman of no other craft, and exempted therefrom; he was to pay for his admission, at least, 5*s*. Masters were to pay 20*s*. to the common box on taking an apprentice; and, "no member was to keep in his shop an apprentice or journeyman who had not served his time to the craft." They had absolute jurisdiction over their respective trades. The ordinances of the Grocers, (who for several ages had the examination of drugs, amongst numerous other articles,) enjoin their wardens "to go and assay on weights, powders, confeccions, plasters, oyntments, and all other thynges belonging to the same crafte." In like manner, the Goldsmiths had the assay of metals; the Fishmongers, the inspection and rejection of fish brought to London which they disliked; the Vintners, the tasting and gauging of wines; and so of others.

The books of the Brewers' Company (date, 1421) contain a long and curious story of the perverseness of one William Payne, at the sign of the Swan, Threadneedle-street, in refusing to contribute a barrel of ale, to be sent to the king (Henry V.) in France. He was fined 3*s*. 4*d*. for a swan for his master's breakfast, and refusing to pay, was imprisoned; then rejecting the livery, he was brought before the mayor, "and was very long before he could be humbled and brought to good behaviour."

The mayor could fine and imprison the wardens of companies at his pleasure; and it was common to make presents, or what in modern times would be called bribes, in order to obtain favour during his year of mayoralty.

The instances we shall quote are from the records of the Brewers. They are curious for giving the character of the mayor, accordingly as he proved favourable or unfavourable to the craft.

The first entry we meet with is in 1422, and respects an information against the company for selling dear ale. The complainant in this case was no less a personage than the renowned Sir Richard Whittington. The substance of the information, translated from the original in Norman French, follows:

"On Thursday, July 30th, 1422, Robert Chichell, the mayor, sent for the masters and twelve of the most worthy of our company to appear at the Guildhall, to whom John Fray, the recorder, objected a breach of government, for which 20*l.* should be forfeited for selling *dear ale*. After much dispute about the price and quality of malt, wherein Whityngtone, the late mayor, declared, 'that the brewers had ridden into the country and forestalled the malt, to raise its price,' they were convicted in the penalty of 20*l.*; which objecting to, the masters were ordered to be kept in prison in the chamberlain's custody until they should pay it, or find security for the payment thereof."

Whittington having obtained his conviction, and the mayor and court of aldermen "gone homeward to their meat," the masters (who, the record proceeds to state, remained in custody,) "asked the chamberlain and clerk what they should do;—who bade them go home, and promised that no harm should come to them; for all this proceeding had been done but to please Richard Whityngtone, for he was the cause of all the foresaid judgment."

The same year furnishes an example of the City's controul in what may be termed the impressment of the companies into the public service. It states, that in "1423, Parliament having enacted, that all the weirs or 'rydells' in the Thames between Staines and Gravesend, and Queensborough, should be destroyed, the mayor and common council ordained that two men from each of the twenty-six crafts should go out with the mayor for this business. With the brewers were joined six other crafts, viz.—the girdlers, fletchers, salters, barbers, dyers, and tallow-chandlers, who were all to go in *one barge*. The fletchers excusing themselves, as being too busy on account of preparing 'artillery' for the king (who was then in France), were permitted to find substitutes, and make payment. Two men were chosen on this occasion to go up to Kingston, on the part of the brewers, and the excursion cost them 13*s.* 4*d.*; and two to Gravesend, who spent 20*s.* 6*d.*; each having a reward of 6*s.* 8*d.*

The following entries are quoted to illustrate the system of bribery:—

In 1422-3.—"A note (in Latin) that William Walderne (mayor that year) behaved well to the company, until two or three weeks before his retirement from office;" when, beginning to annoy them, they "assuaged his displeasure," by presenting him "a *boar*, price 20*s.*, and an *ox*, price 17*s.*" Whittington himself is stated to have received a douceur through his servant, in an item of expenditure in the warden's accounts afterwards; which debits the company 7*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.* "for ii. pipes of red wyne to Richard Whetyngton's butler." In a succeeding mayoralty, another sum of 13*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* is charged "for gyfts to the lord maior." Other entries record the receiving of gifts of different kinds, both by the chief magistrate and his officers; or speak of such gifts as customary compliments to obtain favour.

In 1423 is an entry of "money given to divers serjeants of the maior, for to be good friends to our craft," or "for their labour to the profit of the craft." Mention is also made of 16*l.* "given to a tasker of the king's, to suffer our carpenters still in our work."

In 1424.—"A record in praise of John Michell." He was mayor this year; and though a receiver of presents, like his predecessors, is eulogized, because "he was a good man, and meek, and soft to speak with. When he was sworn into office, the brewers gave to him an *ox*, that cost 21*s.* and 2*d.*, and a *boar*, price 30*s.* 1*d.*; so that he did no harm to the brewers; and advised them to make good ale, that he might not have any complaint against them."

But in the preceding year, a singular example is given of a lord mayor who would not take a bribe:—"William Crowmere, mayor this year, was a good man, and well pleased all the citizens, especially the brewers. When the masters offered gifts to him, he thanked them, but would not receive *any*."

NATIONAL TASTES AND ANTIPATHIES.

Mr. Murray, in his work on Consumption, observes, that almost every thing that moves on earth, in the sea, or air, has been devoured by man. In South America, nothing in the shape of life comes wrong to them—they eat serpents, lizards, and ounces; and Humboldt has seen children drag enormous centipedes out of their holes, and craunch them up. At Emeraldi, their delicate morceau is a roasted monkey. Puppies on the Missouri and Mississippi are choice food. Horse flesh in Arabia; elephant's flesh in India; camel's flesh in Egypt. The Parians of Hindostan contend for putrid carrion with the dogs, vultures, and kites. The Chinese devour cats, dogs, rats, and serpents: bears' paws, birds' nests, and sea-shy, are dainty bits. The inhabitants of Cochin-China prefer rotten eggs to fresh ones. The Tonquineze and the inhabitants

of Madagascar prefer locusts to the finest fish. In Australia, a good fat gull would be preferred to every thing else; and in the West Indies, a large caterpillar found on the palm-tree is esteemed a luxury; while the edible nests of the Java swallow are so rich a dainty, that the ingredients of a dish will cost 15*l*. The quantity of frogs seen in the markets of the continent is immense. At Terracina, the host asks his guest whether he prefers the eel of the hedge, or that of the river. The astronomer De la Lande was remarkably fond of spiders.

Great Britain even transcends her continental neighbours. The *braxy* of Scotland is putrid mutton, the sheep having died of the rot; game and venison are seldom relished till *high*, or, in honest language, till a mass of putrefaction, disengaging in abundance one of the most septic poisons the chemist knows of: in numerous cases it is a mass of life and motion, the offspring of putridity. Pigs are still whipped to death; lobsters are boiled alive; cod are crimpled, and eels are skinned, writhing in agony; hares are hunted, and die in fevered inflammation.

The human antipathies are not less remarkable. There is scarcely any product, animal or vegetable, that has not revolted some individuals. Henry III. of France could not endure a cat; Tycho Brahe trembled at the sight of a hare or fox; Erasmus could not taste of fish without falling into a fever; Wadislaus, king of Poland, ran away at the sight of apples; and Johannes de Querceto, secretary to Francis I. of France, would fall a bleeding if an apple were held near him. Cheese is most frequently the subject of antipathy; but we have also heard of cucumbers, and even sweet almonds, and strawberries. Cardan, the philosopher, could not endure eggs; Crassus had an insuperable dislike to bread; and Scaliger was thrown into convulsions at the sight of cresses. The gums of some individuals have bled at the tearing of brown paper. The feel of velvet with some persons produces nausea and syncope. Sir Kenelm Digby says that Lady Heneage had her cheeks blistered by laying a rose upon one of them while asleep. Cardinal Hauy de Cardonne swooned at the smell of a rose. W. G. C.

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES FOUND IN THE FLEET DITCH.

In digging this canal between Fleet Prison and Holborn Bridge, several Roman utensils were lately discovered at the depth of fifteen feet; and, a little deeper, a great quantity of Roman coins, in silver, brass, copper, and all other metals except gold. Those of silver were ring money, of several sizes, the largest about the bigness of a crown, but gradually decreasing; the smallest were about the size of a silver twopence, each having a snip at the edge. And at Holborn Bridge were dug up two brazen lares, or household gods, about four inches in length, which were almost incrusted with a petrified matter: one of these was Bacchus, and the other Ceres; but the coins lying at the bottom of the current, their lustre was in a great measure preserved, by the water incessantly washing off the oxydizing metal. Probably, the great quantity of coin found in this ditch was thrown in by the Roman inhabitants of this city, for its preservation, at the approach of Boadicea at the head of her army; but the Roman citizens, without distinction of age or sex, being barbarously massacred by the justly enraged Britons, it was not discovered till this time.

Besides the above-mentioned antiquities, several articles of a more modern date were discovered — as arrow-heads, scales, seals, with the proprietors' names upon them in Saxon characters: spur-rowels of a hand's breadth, keys, and daggers, covered over with livid rust; together with a considerable number of medals, with crosses, crucifixes, and Ave Marias engraven thereupon.

GEORGIANA.

New Books.

EXCURSIONS IN THE HOLY LAND, EGYPT, NUBIA, SYRIA, &c.

By John Madox, Esq.

[The merits of this work are, in no respect, first-rate; yet it would be a sorry desert, indeed, did not its 900 pages yield a few oases of graphic interest. It comprises nearly five years' excursions, the author having left Naples in 1821, called at various places in Greece, visited Constantinople; thence to Cairo; sailed about the Mediterranean; returned to Egypt, and visited the Red Sea, Palestine, and Jerusalem. But, with all this travel and time, the writer saw little that others have not seen and described before him, and the besetting sin of his journal is being over nice about trifles, so as to give it the valueless character of gossip. To say that the excursions are not altogether amusing would be unjust, and in proof we shall make a few *seasonable* quotations describing ceremonies still peculiar to this hallowed vicinity.]

Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

March 26.—Much rain and snow all the morning till about one o'clock, when I went to the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and on my showing to the Turks, waiting at the door, where they sometimes smoke and drink their coffee, the paper from the Pasha of Damascus, they told me to pass on, and soon after the paper was returned to me in the

church. Immediately as you enter, and elevated about a foot above the pavement, is a large slab of yellow-veined marble, with a sort of marble framework, about a foot high. At each end are four large candlesticks with wax-lights, and directly over it eight lamps are burning. On this slab was placed the body of our Lord when taken down from the cross to be anointed before burial; and here, as people enter, they crowd around, men, women, and children, falling upon their knees, kissing the slab, and rubbing their cheeks upon it. I went forward and entered the rotunda, or chapel, between the columns, or pillars which support the dome; of these, there are eighteen, and upon each is a painting.

Sepulchre of Our Saviour.

Directly under the dome was the sepulchre of our Saviour, in a chapel, or screen, of stone, of an oblong shape, with one end as it were cut off, and forming the entrance. Many pilgrims were going in, pulling off their shoes or boots at the door, but this is not done by Franks. Stooping through the low doorway, I entered the chapel, which is about eight or nine feet square, and not more than six or seven in height. It is paved with marble, and has marble ornaments on the sides, with a great number of massive lamps kept constantly alight. As soon as the number of pilgrims, who were kissing the place, permitted me to proceed, I squeezed into the other room, of about the same height but less in breadth, in which there is scarcely room for two people to pass beside the tomb, at least whilst they are kissing and rubbing their faces upon it, which some pilgrims kept doing for so long a time that the attendant told them to go. This is the spot on which our Lord was deposited, and a priest occasionally sprinkled the slab with honey-water. The attendant took money from those who chose to give it, and I observed my servant (who had kissed and rubbed his cheeks upon the marble like the rest) throw him down a three-piastre piece, and on his telling him I was English, he poured some of the scented water into my hand. This room was also well lighted up. At the round end of this screen is a small chapel of the Copts, having been added afterwards to the Sepulchre. This part of the church consists only of the dome, and receives a good light through a large circular aperture at top, which has only an iron network. On entering, the church appears smaller than would have been expected from the external ponderous appearance of the dome, but more lofty, from the whole building being in such a hollow. The entrance of the sepulchre faces a few steps that lead into and through the body of the Greek church, passing under the other dome of the Greek part of the church, to which you ascend by a few steps.

Mount Calvary.

Going through rather an obscure passage, and then ascending about thirteen steps, I came to the part called Mount Calvary, which, however, with the whole church, lies considerably lower than most other parts of the city, and, in approaching it from the Franciscan convent, you descend very considerably, one street being cut into steps. The part called Mount Calvary is higher than that part in which the sepulchre is situated. The rock is all covered with stone, except where a long brass grating is let in to show the bare rock; directly under it, and close to this, is the place where the cross was erected.

Procession of the Palm.

March 27.—Went to the church at eight, and remained four hours, to see the Procession of the Palm. After mass and chanting, the priests went in regular order to the door of the sepulchre. On each side of the door was an armed Turk; and there is a small balustrade, in which were three immense waxlights burning in massive candlesticks. In the sepulchre, branches of the palm-tree, plaited and twisted, are deposited to receive the benediction; they are then given to the priests, to the boys of the convent, to the pilgrims, and to the populace in succession. The singers go in front, leaving a passage for the people, and their chanting in which the boys join with all their might, covers in some measure the shameful confusion and noise which occur at this time.

It seemed strange that armed Turks should guard the entrance to the tomb of Christ, and that others, with short-handled whips, should absolutely flog away some of the rabble; for such they are, appearing dirty and miserably poor. But, if it were not for this, what a scene of noise and confusion would it be during the time the branches are being distributed, which is from twenty minutes to half an hour, according to the number of the pilgrims and the populace. A sort of battle took place during the distribution amongst six or eight, who attacked one poor fellow and pulled off his red cap. Others began beating one another with the branches they had just received; in short, the scene was quite disgraceful.

The sepulchre door being closed, a procession was made round it three times; three crosses were carried, together with wax-lights and palm-branches. There was much chanting all the time. In the front, and near the door of the sepulchre, carpets were laid down, and an altar erected; the singers took their former places, and the way was blocked up so that none could pass; a fine-wrought chair, and silk stools, were placed upon the carpets, and the priests, having changed their handsome silk robes, the regular service was chanted, without the organ, the superior

and others standing the whole time with their palm-branches in their hands. The four principal singers then retired, and this part of the ceremony being finished, the sacrament followed, and terminated the service of the day.

March 31.—I again went to the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and, the mass being over, saw the procession round the tomb and the marble slab at the door. Signor du Requello, the Spanish Consul, who had arrived yesterday from Aleppo, with an attendant, followed the procession, carrying a waxlight. The train was preceded by six janizaries; then followed the boys of the convent, carrying large wax tapers; then the priest, then the canopy, supported by six priests, under which were the superior and two others, one on each side, surrounded by boys carrying waxlights. Having gone three times round, and passed out of the church towards the door, they then encircled the marble slab, and again went into the church and sepulchre. In passing this slab, the boys sprinkled it with honey-water, and a Turk holding out his hands, a boy poured some into them, which he rubbed over his face, wiping his hands upon his beard.

Ceremony of Washing the Feet.

At about two, I went again to the church to see the ceremony of washing the feet, in company with Signor du Requello, the Spanish consul, who was accompanied by some of the friars of the convent at which we both resided. There were but few people in the church, and the sepulchre was lit up inside and out with waxlights. To this they proceeded directly, and entered, accompanied by two priests, a party of six or eight following; but, remaining in the entrance-room, I inquired if I might enter, and was assisted in taking off my boots and requested to take off my turban. I complied: and passing some priests who were kneeling at the entrance-chamber, which was lighted with massive lamps, came to the low door of the tomb, and knelt down to have a better view. Here two priests, the consul, and his attendant, were kneeling, apparently in devout prayer; they nearly filled the room, though two or three more might have crowded in and stood up at the same time. In about ten minutes we retired, the priests to their rooms, and the consul and myself to our seats in the front, to wait whilst the preparations for the next ceremony were going on. By way of passing the time, the superior took us up a flight of eighteen steps into the part which is called Calvary.

We again descended into the church, where they were preparing carpets and seats for washing the feet. This ceremony takes place in front of the sepulchre. The names of the twelve monks of the convent being called over, they seated themselves, six on each side: a large silver dish, containing hot water, was placed upon the carpet. The superior took off his robes of purple and gold, under which he had on a white one, and with the assistance of a priest put on a long white apron, with a red cord over his arms and shoulders, which held up his large sleeves. The first priest had the water placed before him, and, taking his shoe off, just dipped his foot in; the superior, on his knees, washed it, and, a towel being handed by another priest, wiped it. The superior then presented the priest whose foot he had washed with a crucifix, and the latter kissed the superior's hand and then the cross. Another priest was in attendance with the crucifixes. The large silver bowl was passed on, and the next had his right foot washed in the same manner, and so on with all the rest. Another priest handed round a number of strings of beads to each, with a small cross. They now walked in procession, chanting, to their room, and the whole ceremony broke up.

Good Friday.—The Crucifixion.

April 1, Good Friday.—In the afternoon I went again to the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and was conducted up to a small apartment at the top, where I found Messrs. Lewis, Fisk, and King, and a young man of the Greek convent. Here we had coffee. About sunset, they began the ceremony of the crucifixion. They pass through the body of the church to the chapel, where, with closed doors and the lights extinguished, a friar at the altar preaches in Italian, and, when he alludes to the cross, one is brought in with a waxlight and taken to him, upon which he falls on his knees, kisses the cross, and finishes his discourse. The doors are now thrown open, and all, elegantly robed and carrying waxlights, with solemn step and singing hymns, pass at the back of the church by the different sanctuaries. The first party proceed with the cross, and a figure of our Saviour of a small size; other priests follow; the superior brings up the rear, and two men follow with a handsome chair. A crowd now pressed onwards, but all was conducted with tolerable propriety. I walked by the side of the Spanish consul, and carried a wax taper (which the superior ordered for me) during the whole procession. In five minutes they halted at a sanctuary, around which we stood; a priest was in front holding the cross, to which the body, painted and crowned with thorns, was now affixed. Here an ecclesiastic preached in Spanish for half an hour, after which we again advanced to the next sanctuary, where another discourse took place.

Slowly proceeding, we arrived at, and ascended the steps which lead to the chapel

at Mount Calvary, where, at the furthermost altar of two, they laid down the cross and the body. Here was a crowd of men and women. The altars are handsome, and were well lighted up, and the priests formed a row on each side, with the superior at the farther end from the altar. After a hymn, a priest preached here in Spanish, for three-quarters of an hour. They then moved to the adjoining altar, at which they show the hole in the rock, which they say is the same wherein the original cross was erected, and here they fix that bearing the image. All the priests are arranged before it, and after singing, a priest at the altar preached in Italian for about half an hour; after which two others, one on each side of the cross, proceeded solemnly to draw out the nails holding up the arms, which fall to the body. After kissing these nails, they, with the hammer and pincers, are given to another priest, and the body is taken down and put into a sheet. The procession descends down the eighteen steps, (the effigy coming last, carried by a priest,) to the place where the body of our Saviour was said to be anointed. Here the image is deposited; the superior has his white apron tied on, and, after sprinkling it with rose-water and throwing over it some powdered spices from two silver vases, he kneels down and rubs the body over. A priest from an elevated place, now preached a funeral sermon in Arabic, for near three-quarters of an hour. Tired and worn out, I still followed in the procession, which went with the body to the sepulchre, where it was deposited. The priests then retired to their room, and the people left the church, it being past ten o'clock.

[The work is embellished with several lithographs, some of which possess the recommendation of novelty.]

Spirit of Discovery.

THE HAND—ITS MECHANISM, AND VITAL ENDOWMENTS, AS EVINCING DESIGN.

(*By Sir Charles Bell, K.G.H., &c.*)

This is one of the Bridgewater Treatises, a series of works which will hereafter be regarded as standards of knowledge of their respective subjects at the time they were written. Their origin is briefly as follows: The Right Hon. and Rev. Francis Henry, Earl of Bridgewater, who died in 1829, left by will the sum of 8,000*l.* at the disposal of the President of the Royal Society, to be paid to such person or persons as should write, print, and publish, one thousand copies of a work "On the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, as manifested in the Creation; illustrating such work by all reasonable arguments—as for instance, the variety and formation of God's creatures, in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms; the effect of digestion, and thereby of conversion; the construction of the hand of man, and an infinite variety of other arguments; as also by discoveries, ancient and modern, in arts, sciences, and the whole extent of literature." The President, Mr. Davies Gilbert, accordingly appointed eight different gentlemen to write separate Treatises on the respective branches of the subject, as here stated—that on the Hand being entrusted to Sir Charles Bell, and the above being the title of the volume produced.

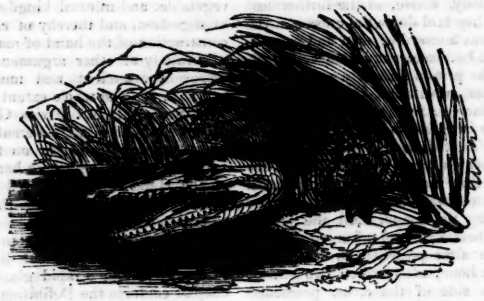
The work is divided into ten chapters, with illustrations, of which our limits will but enable us to take a rapid glance. The first chapter contains the Definition of the Hand: its mechanism; under which it is observed:—

"The hand is not a distinct instrument; nor is it properly a superadded part. The whole frame must conform to the hand, and act with reference to it. Our purpose will not be answered by examining it alone; we must extend our views to all those parts of the body which are in strict connexion with the hand. For example, the bones from the shoulder to the finger ends, have that systematic arrangement which makes it essential to examine the whole extremity; and in order fully to comprehend the fine arrangement of the parts which is necessary to the motions of the fingers, we must also compare the structure of the human body with that of other animals."

Next are "the conformity of the skeleton to the extremity," and proofs that the bones of the extremity are not adapted to Man alone: thus—

"We recognise the bones which form the upper extremity of man in the fin of the whale, in the paddle of the turtle, and in the wing of the bird. We see the same bones, perfectly suited to their purpose, in the paw of the lion or the bear, and equally fitted for motion in the foot of the horse, or in the foot of the camel, or adjusted for climbing or digging in the long-clawed feet of the sloth, or bear. It is obvious, then, that we should be occupied with too limited a view of our subject, were we to consider the human hand in any other light than as presenting the most perfect combination of parts: as exhibiting the bones and muscles which in different animals are suited to particular purposes, so combined in the hand, as to perform actions the most minute and complicated, consistently with powerful exertion."

The adaptation of the most uncouth animals to their condition is next shown, and illustrated by the skeleton of the sloth, and the errors of naturalists in its economy. Then is an illustrated page on the structure and purpose of Fossil animals, showing them to have been suited to the time of their existence, as follows:—



(The Crocodile.)

"The animals of the antediluvian world were not monsters: there was no lusus, or extravagance. Hideous as they appear to us, and like the phantoms of a dream, they were adapted to the condition of the earth when they existed. I could have wished that our naturalists had given the inhabitants of that early condition of the globe, names less scholastic. We have the plesiosaurus, and plesiosaurus dolichodeirus—we have the ichthyosaurus and megalosaurus, and iguanodon, pterodactyles, with long and short beaks, tortoises, and crocodiles; and these are found among reeds and grasses of gigantic proportions, algæ and fuci, and a great variety of mollusca of inordinate bulk, compared with those of the present day—as ammonites and nautili. Every thing declares that these animals inhabited shallow seas, and estuaries, or great inland lakes: that the surface of the earth did not rise up in peaks and mountains, or that perpendicular rocks bound in the seas; but that it was flat, slimy, and covered with a loaded and foggy atmosphere. There is, indeed, every reason to believe that the classes mammalia and birds were not then created; and that if man had been placed in this condition of the earth, there must have been around him a state of things unsuited to his constitution, and not calculated to call forth his capacities. But looking to the class of animals as we have enumerated them, there is a correspondence: they were scaly; they swam in water, or crept upon the margins; there were no animals possessed of rapidity of motion, and no birds of prey to stoop upon them; there was, in short, that balance of the power of destruction and of self-preservation, which we see now to obtain in higher animals since created, with infinitely varied instincts and means for defence or attack."

The second chapter is occupied with the Comparative Anatomy of the Hand; from which we select the annexed illustration of

The Skeleton of the Bat,

as one of the best examples of the moulding of the bones of the extremity to correspond with the condition of the animal.

"Contemplating this extraordinary application of the bones of the extremity, and comparing them with those in the wing of a bird, we might say that this is an awkward attempt—'a failure.' But before giving expression to such an opinion, we must understand the objects required in this construction. It is not a wing intended merely for flight, but one which, while it raises the animal, is capable of receiving a new sensation, or sensations in that exquisite degree, so as almost to constitute a new sense. On the fine web of the bat's wing, nerves are distributed, which enable it to avoid objects in its flight, during the obscurity of night, when both eyes and ears fail. Could the wing of

a bird, covered with feathers, do this? Here then we have another example of the necessity of taking every circumstance into consideration before we presume to criticise the ways of nature. It is a lesson of humility."*

"In this animal the bones are light and delicate; and whilst they are all marvellously extended, the phalanges of the fingers are elongated so as hardly to be recognised, obviously for the purpose of sustaining a membraneous web, and to form a wing."

Then, these Peculiarities in the Hand:—

"Nothing is more remarkable, as forming a part of the prospective design to prepare an instrument fitted for the various uses of the human hand, than the manner in which the delicate and moving apparatus of the palm and fingers is guarded. The power with which the hand grasps, as when a sailor lays hold of the rope to raise his body in the rigging, would be too great for the texture of mere tendons, nerves, and vessels: they would be crushed, were not every part that bears the pressure defended with a cushion of fat, as elastic as that which is in the foot of the horse and the camel. To add to this purely passive defence, there is a muscle which runs across the palm, and more especially supports the cushion on its inner edge: it is this muscle which, raising the edge of the palm, adapts it to lave water, forming the cup of Diogenes. In conclusion, what says Ray—'Some animals have horns, some have hoofs, some teeth, some talons, some claws, some spurs and beaks: man hath none of all these, but is weak and feeble, and sent unarmed into the world—why, a hand, with reason to use it, supplies the use of all these.'"

The Muscles of the Arm and Hand occupy the third chapter; and the fourth and fifth illustrate the substitution of other organs for the hand. The seventh and eighth chapters relate to Sensibility and Touch, and the senses generally introductory to the sense of Touch, with some interesting pages on the Cuticle, and the Hoofs of Animals and their Sensibility. Chapter nine treats of the Muscular Sense, illustrating the sensibility of infants to impressions and gradual improvements of the sense of Touch; and the same in insects and fishes. From the latter we quote:

"That insects have the most exquisite organs of sense must be allowed; but we do not reflect on the extraordinary accuracy with which they measure distance; which is an adaptation of the muscular exertion to the sense of vision. The spider, the *aranea scenica*, when about to leap, elevates itself upon its fore legs, and lifting its head, seems to survey the spot before it jumps. When this insect spies a small gnat or fly upon the wall, it creeps very gently towards it, with short steps, till it comes within a proper distance, and then it springs suddenly like a tiger. It will jump two feet to seize upon a bee.† We have a more curious instance of the precision of the eye, and of the adaptation of muscular action, in the *chætodon rostratus*.‡ This fish inhabits the Indian rivers, and lives on the smaller aquatic flies.

When it observes one alighted on a twig, or flying near (for it can shoot them on the wing) it darts a drop of water with so steady an aim as to bring the fly down into the water, when it falls an easy prey. These fishes are kept in large vases for amusement; and if a fly be presented on the end of a twig, they will shoot at it with surprising accuracy. In its natural state it will hit a fly at the distance of from three to six feet. The *zeus insidiator*§ has also the power of forming its mouth into a tube, and squirting at flies so as to encumber their wings, and bring them to the surface of the water. Whether led to admire the wonderful power of instinct in these inferior creatures, or the property acquired by our own eye, we must acknowledge here a compound operation."‖

Here we must halt for the present, but promise to scan the remaining chapter and the additional illustrations in our next or following Number.

* Besides the adaptation of the bat for flight, through a new adjustment of the bones of the arm, this animal has cells under its skin; but I know not how far I am authorized to say that they are analogous to the air-cells of birds, or that they are for the purpose of making the bat specifically lighter. They extend over the breast, and under the axillæ in some bats; and they are filled by an orifice which communicates with the pharynx.

† Kirby.

‡ Chætodon, a genus of the Acanthopterygii.

§ Belonging to another genus of the same order.

‖ In these instances a difficulty will readily occur to the reader. How does the fish judge of position, since the rays of light are refracted at the surface of the water? Does instinct enable it to do this, or is it by experience?

Fine Arts.

LITERATURE OF THE FINE ARTS.

[If the arts themselves in England be not in so flourishing a condition as their professors could wish, their appreciation by the mass of the people is becoming more and more extended. We are inclined to refer these healthy indications of public taste to improvement in the literature of the Fine

Arts, not only in magazines devoted exclusively to their study, but to the introduction of artistical criticisms in other literary journals. Foremost among these ranks *Arnold's Magazine of the Fine Arts, Literature, and Science*, published under the patronage of the King, and already in its third volume; and, as we happen to know, unpolluted by any of the favouritism which but too often pollutes the springs of the critical Helicon. Of the aid which this work is calculated to lend to art generally, and the masterly means by which it aims at such an important object, we could speak in higher terms, had not the Editor of the Journal in question noticed in terms of commendation, a few recent productions in this Miscellany. We are generally proud of the good opinion of our contemporaries, but it gives us peculiar satisfaction to find the illustrative department of our little work receiving the high eulogium of artists.

One of the best signs of the taste of the multitude in estimating works of art in this great metropolis is the little notice taken of Buckingham Palace, and the few Sunday gazers its excrescences attract in St. James's Park; the promenaders preferring the landscape garden to straining their eyes after any points for admiration in this vast assemblage of puny projections and elevations, that would scarcely raise the credit of a journeyman builder. Right glad are we to see this "botch," as Mr. Cobbett would say, visited with fitting severity by the critic in *Arnold's Magazine:* e. g.]

The New Palace.—Most unfortunate and provoking is it, that, at a time when so many noble and palace-like structures have been erected in other parts of the metropolis; the one actually destined for the residence of the sovereign has turned out such an egregious architectural failure—a compound of littleness, insignificance, and hackneyed common-places; with many of the vices and solecisms of the Italian style, without any of that imposing grandeur and stateliness which marks some of its productions. If, indeed, it was the architect's aim to show how a building of this extent, and with the same quantity of decoration, might be put together so as to ensure the least possible effect, and so as to leave out all the character of the orders employed by him; then he must be allowed to have been pre-eminently successful. The first glance convinces us, that, although a brave contempt of economy has been displayed,—for what with pulling down and patching up, and alteration after alteration, the building must have cost half as much again as it otherwise would have done,—the first glance shows that *cheapness* has been studied, for, instead of granite and Portland stone, a material of very inferior quality has been used; such, in fact, as looks little better than Roman cement. By way of apology for this stinginess, we have a pretty little repetition, in marble, of one of the triumphal arches at Rome, as inferior in design and in real grandeur to Decimus Burton's arch, at the corner of Grosvenor-place, as can well be imagined. Had the seventy thousand pounds expended on this toy been flung into the opposite canal, the money would have been just as well disposed of—so far as taste is concerned. It only produces a flaring spot which *kills* the building behind it, and causes it, by a most injudicious contrast, to appear more dingy and shabby than it otherwise would. To be sure, it serves in some degree to be shut out from view the poor little portico, which is skulking between the two projecting wings, and which now looks more insignificant than ever, since Mr. Blore has backed it by a podium, that prevents the pediment from showing its outline against the sky. The columns themselves are so petty, and all the rest of the design so unlike any thing approaching to Grecian architecture, that the solecism of placing them in pairs beneath the pediment is less offensive than it would be if it constituted the only imperfection. Even in this respect, consistency has not been attended to, for the porticoes to the wings have only single columns, although they are so narrow, and have such an air of weakness, that putting consistency out of the question, they would have been improved, perhaps, by an additional column at each angle. In fact, the wings are such narrow strips of building as to give the idea of their being very much squeezed up within, with hardly space for passage between the rooms, unless the latter be made closets, or else thoroughfares. It is true, they may be for very subordinate purposes; still, in a building of this description, an idea of grandeur should have attended every part,—here it is ingeniously avoided altogether. Akin to the economy shown in squandering upon a marble arch—which it would have been quite time enough to think of, when all the rest had been completed—a sum exceeding that allowed for the National Gallery, is that of enriching the frieze of the south side of the palace, for the gratification of the occupiers of the garrets in the paltry houses opposite. Such has turned out to be the edifice, which, some few years back, the newspapers informed us, was to be a magnificent pile in the chastest Grecian taste, and in the most finished style of architecture! And this, too, has often happened at a time when the petty sovereigns of Germany—some of whose capitals are not equal in size to the parish of Marylebone—are rearing truly palatial edifices, whose magnificent halls are to be decorated with various series of frescoes. One is almost tempted to say, that the arts flourish best either in a republic or a despotic monarchy.

The Public Journals.

THE CLUBS.

The Literary Union Club has been dissolved—not for ever, but in order to be reconstructed upon an improved principle. White's, the once fashionable and political head-quarters, is in a rapid state of *decadence*,—its members are few, and their number is daily diminishing. The reason for this is evident. To men of no particular politics, Crockford's affords *agrémens* and accommodation highly superior: at White's there is no coffee-room; and if men choose to dine there, it must be by a preconcerted arrangement. At Crockford's, there is an admirable dining coffee-room, with the illustrious Ude himself as *chef de cuisine*. So much for the unpolitical portion of White's men. For the political members of White's, the Carlton Club presents every inducement; it blends all the good qualities of White's with all the convenience and advantage of Crockford's. The consequence is, that the respectable bay-window has become a desert; and although the "King," the "Kang," and the "Colonel," (the three K's, as Sir William Curtis would have said,) may still be seen within its semicircle, its character is lost, its prosperity is blighted.

A good deal of this change is attributable, we really believe, to the extraordinary alterations and improvements which that very extraordinary and shamefully used man, Mr. Nash, has effected in the metropolis near Charing Cross. Before that most splendid of all European streets, Regent-street, had risen from the ruins of alleys, courts, mewses, and markets, the neighbourhood of the Haymarket and Cockspur-street was never thought of, except as the way to or from the houses of Parliament, along which the great and gay hurried to the patrician rise of St. James's-street. Now we have congregated in that once disregarded vicinage not only palace-like mansions, squares, columns, and terraces, but the majority of the London Clubs. The Carlton, the Athenæum, the two United Service Clubs, the University, and the Travellers'. By the success of Regent-street, Bond-street, to which, in other days, St. James's-street formed a sort of ante-chamber, is a desert,—a place where, in wet weather, a man might go to look for a snipe, but where no man now would think of either walking or riding for the sake of meeting anybody. The point of attraction is therefore moved; and for every convenience as relates to official or Parliamentary life, the new region is unquestionably far superior.

Brookes's continues in full vigour, with blinds up and curtains down; while the respectable Boodlers, in top-boots and corduroys, continue to prose and twaddle with as much self-satisfaction as ever. And as for the club with the large window, at the bottom of the street, (name unknown,) it does just as well where it is as anywhere else. And the respectable "Arthur's" (where they shut up the street-door when they go to dinner, for fear of losing their spoons) is of a class of club so amiable, so dull, and so uninteresting, that the gentlemen who compose it hardly know when, as they certainly do not know why, they meet under its very handsome roof.

The Oriental—or, as the hackney-coachmen call it, the Horizontal Club—in Hanover-square, does, however, outdo even Arthur's for quietude. Placed at the corner of a *cul de sac*—at least as far as carriages are concerned, and in a part of the square to which nobody not proceeding to one of four houses which occupy that particular side ever thinks of going, its little windows, looking upon nothing, give the idea of mingled dulness and inconvenience. From the outside it looks like a prison;—enter it, it looks like an hospital, in which a smell of curry pervades the "wards,"—wards filled with venerable patients, dressed in nankeen shorts, yellow stockings and gaiters, and faces to match. *There* may still be seen pigtails in all their pristine perfection. It is the region of calico shirts, returned writers, and guinea-pigs grown into bores. Such is the *nabobery*, into which Harley-street, Wimpole-street, and Gloucester-place, daily empty their precious stores of bilious humanity.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

THE SUN-STROKE; OR BURIED ALIVE.

[We find the following "deadly-lively" incident in *The Cruise of the Midge*, in *Blackwood's Magazine*. It relates the strange adventure of a Lieutenant (Donovan) commanding a Spanish felucca, captured, and subsequently fitted out from H. M. S. Gazelle, on board of which Sir Oliver Oakplank had his broad pennant hoisted, as the commander-in-chief on the African station. She had been despatched about a fortnight in the direction of Fernando Po, and the narrative commences on the appointed day of rendezvous at Cape Formosa. The narrator is the fourth lieutenant—Brail.]

About three o'clock, P. M., when we were within ten miles of the Cape, without any appearance of the tender, we fell in with a Liverpool trader, who was bound to the Brass River to load palm oil and sandalwood. She reported that the night before they had come across a Spaniard, who fired into them, when they sheered to with an intent to speak him. The master said, that when first seen, the strange sail was standing right in for the river ahead of us; and, from the noises he heard, he was sure he had negroes on board. It was therefore conjectured that she was one of the vessels who had taken in part of her

cargo of slaves at the Bonny River, and was now bound for the Nun or Brass River to complete it. They were if anything more confirmed in this by the circumstance of his keeping away, and standing to the south-west, the moment he found they were hauling in for the land, as if anxious to mislead them, by inducing a belief that he was off for the West Indies or Brazil. This was the sum total of the information received from the Liverpool-man; but the same afternoon we fell in with an American, who rejoiced our hearts by saying that he had that morning been chased by a vessel answering the description of the felucca, and immediately after we hove about, and stood out to sea again, making sail in the direction indicated.

The next forenoon I was the officer of the watch, and, about nine o'clock the Commodore, who had just come on deck, addressed me:—"Mr. Brail, do you see any thing of the small hooker yet, to windward there?"

"I thought I saw something like her, sir, about half an hour ago, but a blue haze has come rolling down, and I cannot make any thing out at present."

"She must be thereabouts somewhere, however," continued he, "as she was seen yesterday by the Yankee brig,—so keep by the wind until four bells, Mr. Brail, and then call me, if you please."

"Ay, ay, sir;" and I resumed my walk on the weather-side of the quarter-deck.

As the breeze freshened the mist blew off, and, unexpectedly enough, although we knew she must be in our neighbourhood, in half an hour afterwards the felucca was seen about three miles to windward of us, staggering along before it like a large nautilus under her solitary lateen sail, and presently she was close aboard of us.

I was looking steadfastly at the little vessel as she came rolling down before the wind, keeping my eye, somehow or other, on the man that was bending on the ensign halyards. He immediately began to hoist away the ensign, until it reached about half-way between the end of the long drooping, wire-like yard and the deck, where the man jerked it upwards and downwards for a minute, as if irresolute whether to run it choke up, or haul it down again; at length it did hang half-mast-high, and blew out steadily.

My mind suddenly misgave me, and I looked for the pennant; it was also hoisted half-mast—"Alas! alas! poor Donovan," I involuntarily exclaimed—but loud enough to be overheard by the Commodore who stood by—"another victim to this horrid coast."

"What is wrong, Mr. Brail?" said Sir Oliver.

"I fear Mr. Donovan is dead, sir. The felucca's ensign and pennant are half-mast, sir."

"Bless me, no — surely not," said the excellent old man,—"hand me the glass, Mr. Brail.—Too true—too true—where is all this to end?" said he with a sigh.

The felucca was now within long pistol-shot of our weather-quarter, standing across our stern, with the purpose of rounding-to under our lee. At this time Sir Oliver was looking out close by the tafferel, with his trumpet in his hand. I was still peering through the glass. "Why, there is the strangest figure come on deck, on board the Midge, that ever I saw—what can it be? Sir Oliver, will you please to look at it?"

The Commodore took the glass with the greatest good humour, while he handed me his trumpet,—"Really," said he, "I cannot tell—Mr. Sprawl, can you?" Sprawl (the first lieutenant)—honest man—took his spell at the telescope—but *he* was equally unsuccessful. The figure that was puzzling us, was a half-naked man in his shirt and trousers, with a large blue shawl bound round his head, who had suddenly jumped on deck, with a hammock thrown over his shoulders as if it had been a dressing-gown, the clew hanging half-way down his back, while the upper part of the canvass shroud was lashed tightly round his neck, but so as to leave his arms and legs free scope; and there he was strutting about with the other clew trailing away astern of him, like the train of a lady's gown, as if he had in fact been arrayed in what was anciently called a curricle-robe. Over this extraordinary array, the figure had slung a formidable Spanish *trabuco*, or blunderbuss, across his body; and one hand, as he walked backwards and forwards on the small confined deck of the felucca, held a large green silk umbrella over his head, although the sail of itself was shade enough at the time, while the other clutched a speaking trumpet.

The craft, freighted with this uncouth apparition, was very peculiar in appearance. She had been a Spanish gun-boat—originally a twin-sister to one that we had, during the war, cut out from Rosas Bay. She was about sixty feet long over all, and seventeen feet beam, her deck being as round as her bottom; in fact she was more like a long cask than any thing else, and without exception the roomiest vessel of her size that I ever saw. She had neither bulwarks, nor quarters, nor rail, nor in fact any ledge whatsoever round the gunnel, so she had no use for scuppers. Her stern peaked up like a New Zealand war-canoe, tapering away to a point, which was perforated to receive the rudder-head, while forward she had a sharp beak, shaped like the proa of a Roman galley; but she was as strong as wood and iron could make her—her bottom being a perfect bed of timbers, so that they might almost have been caulked—and tight as a bottle. What answered to a bowsprit was a short thick thumb

of a stick about ten feet high, that rose at an angle of thirty degrees to the deck of the vessel; and she had only one mast, a strong stump of a spar, about thirty feet high, stayed well forward, in place of raking aft, high above which rose the large lateen sail already mentioned, with its long elastic spliced and respliced yard tapering away up into the sky until it seemed no thicker than the small end of a fishing-rod, which it greatly resembled, when bent by the weight of the line and bait. It was of immense length, and consisted of more than half-a-dozen different pieces. Its heavy iron-shod heel was shackled by a chain a fathom long, to a strong iron bar, or bolt, that extended athwart the forepart of the little vessel, close to the end of the bowsprit, and to which it could be hooked and unhooked, as need were, when the little vessel tacked, and it became necessary to jibe the sail.

The outlandish-looking craft slowly approached, and we were now within hail. "I hope nothing is amiss with Mr. Donovan?" sung out the Commodore.

"By the powers, but there is though!" promptly replied the curious figure with the trumpet and umbrella, in a strong clear voice. A pause.

All our glasses were by this time levelled at the vessel, and every one more puzzled than another what to make of this.

"Who are you, sir?" again asked the Commodore. "Where is Mr. Donovan, sir?"

Here Mr. Binnacle, a midshipman on board, hailed us through his hand, but we could not hear him; on which the man in the hammock struck him, without any warning, across the pate with his trumpet. The midshipman and the rest of the crew, we could see, now drew close together forward, and, from their gestures, seemed to be preparing to make a rush upon the figure who had hailed.

Sir Oliver repeated his question—"Who are you, sir?"

"Who am I, did you say? That's a good one," was the answer.

"Why, Sir Oliver," said I, "I believe that is Mr. Donovan himself. Poor fellow, he must have gone mad."

"No doubt of it—it is so, sir," whistled Sprawl.

Here the crew of the felucca, led by little Binnacle, made a rush, and seized the Lieutenant, and having overpowered him, they launched their little shallop, in which the midshipman, with two men, instantly shoved off; but they had not paddled above half-a-dozen yards from the felucca's side, when the maniac, a most powerful man, broke from the men that held him, knocked them down, right and left, like so many nine-pins, and, seizing his *trabuco*, pointed it at the skiff, while he sung out in a voice of thunder—"Come back, Mr. Binnacle; come back, you small villain, or I will shoot you dead."

The poor lad was cowed, and did as he was desired.

"Lower away the jolly boat," cried the Commodore; but checking himself, he continued—"Gently, men—belay there—keep all fast with the boat, Mr. Brail,"—I had jumped aft to execute the order—"We must humour the poor fellow, after all, who is evidently not himself."

I could hear a marine of the name of Lennox, who stood by, whisper to his neighbour—"Ay, Sir Oliver, better fleech with a madman than fecht with him."

"Are you Mr. Donovan, pray?" said the Commodore mildly, but still speaking through the trumpet.

"I *was* that gentleman," was the startling answer.

"Then come on board, man; come on board," in a wheedling tone.

"How would you have me to do that thing?" said poor Donovan. "Come on board, did you say? Divil now, Sir Oliver, you are mighty unrasonable."

His superior officer was somewhat shoved off his balance by this reply from his Lieutenant, and rapped out fiercely enough—"Come on board this instant, sir, or by the Lord, I—"

"How can I do that thing, and me dead since three bells in the middle watch last night?" This was grumbled as it were through his trumpet, but presently he shouted out as loud as he could bellow—"I can't come; and, what's more, I won't; for I died last night, and am to be buried whenever it goes eight bells at noon."

"Dead!" said the Commodore, now *seriously* angry. "Dead, did he say? Why, he is drunk, gentlemen, and not mad. There is always *some* method in madness; here there is none." Till recollecting himself—"Poor fellow, let me try him a little farther; but really it is too absurd"—as he looked round and observed the difficulty both officers and men had in keeping countenance—"Let me humour him a little longer," continued he. "Pray, Mr. Donovan, how can you be dead, and speaking to me now?"

"Because," said Donovan, promptly, "I have a forenoon's leave from purgatory to see myself decently buried, Sir Oliver."

Here we could no longer contain ourselves, and, notwithstanding the melancholy and humiliating spectacle before us, a shout of laughter burst from all hands simultaneously, as the Commodore, exceedingly tickled, sung out—"Oh, I see how it is—I see—so do come on board, Mr. Donovan, and we will see you properly buried."

"You *see*, Sir Oliver!" said the poor fellow; "to be sure you do—a blind horse might persave it."

"I say, Dennis, dear," said I, "I will be answerable that all the honours shall be paid you." But the deceased Irishman was not to be had so easily, and again refused, point-blank, to leave the Midge.

"Lower away the boat there, Mr. Sprawl," said Sir Oliver; "no use in all this; you see he won't come. Pipe away her crew; and, Mr. Brail, do you hear, take half-a-dozen marines with you. So, brisk now—brisk—be off. Take the surgeon with you, and spill no blood if you can help it, but bring that poor fellow on board instantly, cost what it may."

I shoved off—two of the marines being stuck well forward in the bows, the remaining four being seated beside me on the stern-sheets. Instantly we were alongside—"What cheer, Donovan, my darling? How are you, man, and how do ye all do?"

"Ah, Benjamin, glad to see you, my boy. I hope you have come to read the service: I'm to be buried at noon, you know."

"Indeed!" said I, "I know nothing of the kind. I have come on board from the Commodore to know how you are; he thought you had been ill."

"Very much obliged," continued the poor fellow; "all that sort of thing might have brought joy some days ago—but now!"——

"Well, well, Donovan," said I, "come on board with me, and buried you shall be comfortably from the frigate."

"Well, I will go. This cursed sailmaker of ours has twice this morning refused to lash me up in the hammock, because he chose to say I was not dead; so go with you I will."

The instant the poor fellow addressed himself to enter the boat, he shrank back. "I cannot—I cannot. Sailmaker, bring the shot aft, and do lash me up in my hammock, and heave me comfortably overboard at once."

The poor sailmaker, who was standing close to, caught my eye, and my ear also. "What shall I do, sir?" said he.

I knew the man to be a steady, trustworthy person.

"Why, humour him, Walden; humour him. Fetch the shot, and lash him up; but sling him round the waist by a strong three-inch rope, do you hear."

The man touched his forehead, and slunk away. Presently he returned with the cannon-balls slung in a canvass bag, the usual receptacle of his needles, palms, and thread, and deliberately fastened them round Mr. Donovan's legs. He then lashed him up in the hammock, coaxing his arms under the swathing, so that presently, while I held him in play, he had regularly sewed him up into a most substantial strait waistcoat. It would have been laughable enough, if risibility had been pardonable under such melancholy circumstances, to look at the poor fellow as he stood stiff and upright, like a bolt of canvass, on the deck, swaying about, and balancing himself, as the vessel rolled about on the heave of the sea; but by this time the sail-maker had fastened the rope round his waist, one end of which was in the clutch of three strong fellows, with plenty of the slack coiled down and at hand, had it proved necessary to pay out, and give him scope.

"Now, Donovan, dear, come into the boat; do, and let us get on board, will ye?"

"Benjamin Brail, I expected kindlier things at your hands, Benjie. How can I go on board of the old Gazelle, seeing it has gone six bells, and I'm to be hove overboard at twelve o'clock?"

I saw there was nothing else for it, so I whispered little Binnacle to strike eight bells. At the first chime, poor Donovan pricked up his ear; at the second, he began to settle himself on deck; and before the last struck, he was stretched out on a grating with his eyes closed, and really as still and motionless as if he had been actually dead. I jumped on board, muttered a sentence or two, from recollection, from the funeral service, and tipping the wink, we hove him bodily, stoop and roop, overboard, where he sank for a couple of fathoms, when we hauled him up again. When he sank, he was much excited, and flushed, and feverish, to look at; but when he was now got into the boat, he was still enough, God knows, and very blue and ghastly; his features were sharp and pinched, and he could only utter a low moaning noise, when we had stretched him along the bottom of the boat. "Mercy!" said I, "surely my experiment has not killed him." However, my best plan now was to get back to the frigate as soon as might be, so I gave the word to shove off, and in a minute we were all on the Gazelle's quarterdeck, poor Donovan being hoisted up, lashed into an accommodation chair. He was instantly taken care of, and, in our excellent surgeon's hands, I am glad to say that he recovered, and lived to be an ornament to the service, and a credit to all connected with him for many a long day afterwards.

The first thing little Binnacle did was to explain to Sir Oliver that poor Donovan had been ill for three days with brain fever, having had a stroke of the sun; but aware of the heavy responsibility of taking forcibly the command of a vessel from one's superior officer, he was allowed to have it all his own way until the Gazelle hove in sight.

After little Binnacle had made his report to Sir Oliver, he, with an arch smile, handed me the following letter open, which I have preserved to this hour for the satisfaction of the curious. Many a time have I since laughed and cried over this production of poor Donovan's heated brain.

"My dear Brail,—When you receive this

I shall be at rest far down amongst the tangleweed and coral branches at the bottom of the deep green sea, another sacrifice to the insatiable demon of this evil climate—another melancholy addition to the long list of braver and better men who have gone before me. Heaven knows, and I know, and lament with much bitterness therefore, that I am ill prepared to die, but I trust to the mercy of the Almighty for pardon and forgiveness.

"It is now a week since I was struck by a flash of lightning at noon-day, when there was not a speck of cloud in the blue sky, that glanced like a fiery dart right down from the fierce sun, and not having my red woollen nightcap on, that I purchased three years ago from old Jabos of Belfast, the Jew who kept a stall near the quay, it pierced through the skull just in the centre of the bald spot, and set my brain a-boiling and poppling ever since, making a noise for all the world like a buzzing bee-hive; so that I intend to depart this life at three bells in the middle watch this very night, wind and weather permitting. Alas, alas! who shall tell this to my dear old mother, Widow Donovan, who lives at No. 1050, in Sackville-street, Dublin, the widest thoroughfare in Europe?—or to poor Cathleen O'Haggarty? You know Cathleen, Benjie; but you must never know that she has a glass eye—Ah, yes, poor thing, she had but one eye, but that *was* a beauty, the other was a quaker;* but then she had five thousand good sterling pounds, all in old Peter Macshane's bank at the back of the Exchange; and so her one eye was a blessing to me; for where is the girl with two eyes, and five thousand pounds, all lodged in Peter Macshane's bank at the back of the Exchange, who would have looked at Dennis Donovan, a friendless, penniless lieutenant in the Royal Navy, and son of widow Donovan, who lives at 1050, Sackville-street, Dublin, the widest thoroughfare in Europe—Ah how Cathleen will pipe her real eye—I wonder if she will weep with the false one—I am sure my story might bring tears from a stone, far more a piece of glass—Oh, when she hears I am gone, she will be after breaking her tender little heart—Oh, murder for the notion of it—that's the thought that I can't bear—that is the blow that kills Ned! The last words of Dennis Donovan, who has nothing on earth to brag of beside a mighty pretty person, and a brave soul—that's a good one. Adieu, adieu. God bless the King and the Royal Family entirely. DENNIS DONOVAN, Lieutenant, R. N.; and son of Widow Donovan, who lives at 1050, Sackville-street, Dublin, the widest thoroughfare in Europe."

* A sham wooden gun.

Manners and Customs.

FENCING.

"I bruised my shin the other day, with playing at sword and dagger with a *master of fence*."
SHAKSPEARE.

PYRARD assures us, that the art of fencing is so highly esteemed in the East Indies that none but princes and noblemen are allowed to teach it. These masters wear a badge, or cognizance, on their right arm, called in their language *esaur*, which is put on with great ceremony, like the badges of our knighthood, by the kings themselves.

Montaigne informs us, that when he was a youth, the nobility all shunned the reputation of being good fencers, as something too subtle and designing, and apt to corrupt virtuous manners.

Beat denotes a blow given with the sword: there are two kinds of beats.

Caveating is the act of disengaging the sword of your adversary from one side to the other.

Flanconnade is the action of dropping the point of your sword under your adversary's hilt.

Glizarde is an operation performed by dexterously making your blade slip along that of your adversary by a movement of the arm, without deviating from the line of direction.

To *lock* is to seize your adversary's sword-arm, by twining your left arm round it, after you close your parade, shell to shell, to disarm him.

To *lurch* is to make an opening, in order to invite your adversary to thrust at you, when you, being ready, may find a favourable repost at him, &c.

I learn (says Steevens) from one of the Sloanian MSS. (now in the British Museum) which seems to be the fragment of a register formerly belonging to some of our schools where the "noble science of defence" was taught, from the year 1568 to 1583, that in this art there were three degrees: viz.—a *master's*, a provost's, and a scholar's. For each of these a prize was played, as exercises are kept in universities for similar purposes. The weapons they used were the axe, the pike, rapier, and target, rapier and cloke, two swords, the two-hand sword, the dagger and staff, the sword and buckler, the rapier and dagger, &c. The places where they exercised were commonly theatres, halls, or other inclosures sufficient to contain a number of spectators—as Ely-place, in Holborn; the Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill; the Curtain, in Holywell; the Grey Friars, within Newgate; Hampton Court; the Bull, in Bishopsgate-street; the Clink; Duke's-place; Salisbury-court; Bridewell; the Artillery Garden, &c. Among those who distinguished them-

selves in the science, I find *Tarleton*, the comedian, who "was allowed a master," the 23rd of October, 1587, (I suppose, either as grand compounder, or by mandamus,) he being "ordinary grome of her majesty's chamber;" and Robert Greene, who "plaide his maister's prize at Leadenhall, with three weapons, &c." The book from which these extracts are made is a singular curiosity, as it contains the oaths, customs, regulations, prizes, summonses, &c., of this once fashionable society. King Henry VIII., King Edward VI., Philip and Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, were frequently spectators of their skill and activity. P. T. W.

The Gatherer.

The Church.—The following calculation of the average annual income of rectors, in different countries of Europe, appeared a short time since in a German paper:—France, (Catholic), 756 francs; European Russia, (Greek Church), 244; Prussia, (Protestant and Catholic), 1,460; Austria and Bohemia, 1,263; Hungary, 1,482; Spain, 1,430; Portugal, 2,906; England, (Established Church), 10,155—Dissenters, 1,560; Scotland, (Presbyterian), 5,560—Dissenters, 2,057; Ireland, (Established Church,) 10,090—Catholic and others, 2,900.

In 1829, the number of Cathedral Dignitaries were 755;—of Church Livings, 10,872. Of the latter, 1,014 are in the gift of Government; 3,769, of the Church; 794, of the Universities; 197, of public bodies; 5,030, of the nobility and gentry; and 63, of the inhabitants of respective parishes.—The total number of Dissenting Congregations was 7,094. Of these, 389 were Roman Catholics; 258 Presbyterians; 1,663 Independents; 940 (Particular) Baptists; 107 General Baptists; 296 Quakers; 2,827 Wesleyan Methodists; 424 Calvinistic Methodists; 660 Methodists of other descriptions; and 241 belonging to the Home Missionary Society and to other connexions. W. G. C.

Average.—The origin of average is of very ancient date, for it has a principal place in the laws of Rhodes, which were, it is said, formed and promulgated nine hundred years before the Christian era; and were afterwards adopted by Justinian into his digest. They provide that, if goods be thrown overboard in order to lighten a vessel, the loss sustained thereby shall be made good by the contributions of those who have benefited by it. The writers on this subject have extended this rule of the Rhodian law—first, to all goods sacrificed as the price of safety; and, secondly, to the expenses necessary for the attainment of safety. W. G. C.

Lord Bacon's Summer House.—Sir Francis Bacon erected in Gray's Inn Gardens, upon a small mount, a summer-house. It was open on all sides, and the roof supported by slender pillars. It had an uninterrupted view of the neighbouring fields, as far as the hills of Highgate and Hampstead; which was destroyed by the buildings on the north, and the summer-house levelled. Here he partly composed some of those works which now adorn the page of literature; but, alas! how frail is human nature! As Pope says—

> Do parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined;
> The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.

GEORGIANA.

Stage Effect.—One night, at the Dublin theatre, Moss, a good low comedian, but full of the *furor* of extravagance in his acting, played the character of Lovegold, in the comedy of the Miser. To give an additional, and, as he thought, a happy stroke to the part, when he was frantic for the loss of his money, he ran to the front of the stage, and snatched the harpsichord-player's wig off, exclaiming, as loud as he could—"You have got my money! you have got my money! and I'll keep your wig till you return it!" The gentlemen of Cecilia's band instantly put their hands on their heads to secure their wigs, and immediately quitted the orchestra. The poor man whose bald head had been exposed, and the sight of which got the ridiculous player a thunder of applause, could get no satisfaction from Moss for the insult, for he called it a theatrical joke. W. G. C.

Money of no use.—When Spencer (the author of *View of the State of Ireland*,) and his wife were forced in great distress to fly from their house, which was burnt in the Irish rebellion, the Earl of Essex sent him twenty pieces; but he refused them, telling the person that brought them, he was sure he had no time to spend them. P. T. W.

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